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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE TEMPEST

He shall give His angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways.
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror comes so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hand is sweet;
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah, my God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

—*Alice Freeman Palmer.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908 NUMBER 10

The highest result of education is tolerance. Long ago men fought and died for their faith; but it took ages to teach them the other kind of courage—the courage to recognize the faiths of their brethren and their rights of conscience.

—Helen Keller.

The *Cambrian* tells us that "there is not a single Tory member in the English parliament from Wales, except such as are in the House of Lords, and that they are not elected by ballot." Slowly but surely the little principality is regaining the power of self-government and of leadership, of which, by the force of arms, they were deprived many centuries ago.

Lizzie Morgan, of Carmarthen, Wales, has no arms, but with her feet she is an expert with the brush and at the piano. She is a pupil in the intermediate school and is beloved by all who know her. With Helen Keller's last triumph fresh in mind, the marvelous "Chant of Darkness" in the May *Century*, this is another illustration of the inspiration of difficulties, the compensations of the handicap.

Even Wales, the stronghold of Calvinistic theology, has its disturbing elements, a "Progressive Theological League" represents the activity of the "new theologians." An "Unitarian Mission Van" is being prepared to do missionary service next summer. This wagon will be loaded with tracts and other publications and will be accompanied by one or more who can expound the scripture and preach the word by roadside, on street, or in park, as occasion offers.

In the death of Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, Reformed Judaism has not only lost a staunch champion and a skilled interpreter, but San Francisco and the Pacific Coast have lost a valiant leader, a man who lifted the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship high above all distinctions of race or creed. He was a self-elected and on that account an intelligent American. Amsterdam was the place of his birth; San Francisco was the city of his choice, which he enriched by years of worthy leadership. The cause of toleration, of liberal religion and the unity of the spirit have lost a worthy champion in his death.

There is something encouraging to the scholar in the persistence of letters, even on the business side. The original founders of the publishing houses of the Harpers, Putnams, Appletons, Scribners and the Houghton, Mifflin, have gone to their reward, but their names remain and the business they founded persists. An April announcement says that the "Houghton, Mifflin & Company" is about to disappear, but that the "Houghton, Mifflin Company" takes its place. Thus the business founded by Henry O. Houghton more than fifty years ago is to continue, and a younger generation of the old stock still remains in the firm in the persons of E. R. Houghton and George Harrison Mifflin, Jr. It is something of a shock to learn that the *Atlantic Monthly*, that has been published by this house for thirty-five years, is hereafter to be issued by "The Atlantic Monthly Company," with a distinct management of its own, although the old company retains an important interest; the Riverside Press is still to do the matchless printing and Bliss Perry is to continue as editor. We like this persistence of letters in business, which we suspect far exceeds the vitality of the traders in ribbons, silks and groceries. UNITY sends cordial greeting to the new-old firms. Like the Indiana man's jackknife, though furnished with a new blade every spring and a new handle every fall, it is still the same old jackknife.

The clergymen of New York have entered a formal protest to the Representatives and Senators in Congress against the extravagant demand for sixty million more appropriation for the four battleships, etc. They remind Congress that 65 per cent of the annual income is now expended on war, past and present; that our increase of the naval budget has recently been used by the French assembly as a reason for increasing its own; it avers that this passion for a navy on the part of the United States is largely responsible for the increase of the army among Asiatic nations, and that it is sure to retard the reduction in the armaments of the world; it declares that this protest against the increase of fighting tools is more necessary because of the various new and effective and more available methods for promoting international friendship and a rational settlement of difficulties. This protest is signed by several hundred clergymen—Jewish and Christian, orthodox and liberal—among which we find the names of Bishops Potter and Greer, Doctors Park-

inson, Hillis, Wise, Slicer, Leighton Williams, William Hayes Ward, Hall, and Ballington Booth. Boston has sent a similar protest signed by one hundred and fifty ministers, among whom are found the names of Bishop Mallalieu, Rabbi Fleisher, Edward Everett Hale, Charles F. Dole, Joseph A. Crooker, Charles G. Ames, and many other illustrious names. What are the ministers of Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, St. Paul and Minneapolis and every other town and hamlet from the Atlantic to the Pacific thinking about? Is it not time that they express their thought in some emphatic manner? Is not their assumed devotion to the "Prince of Peace" idle prattle or theological cant if they are not willing and anxious to be marshaled under the white-bordered banner and go forth to do valiant service in the bloodless war against war?

Three of the professors of the University of Chicago have spoken significant and fearless words in recent publications of that institution which should command wide attention. In the *Journal of Theology* for April, Professor Tufts on "The Adjustment of the Church to the Psychological Conditions of the Present," and Professor Foster's "Concerning the Religious Basis of Ethics," command the attention of all ministers and laymen interested in any church. Professor Tufts calls upon the church to place new emphasis on Personal Worth, Justice, and not simply the right but the duty of Inquiry. Innocent and apparently commonplace propositions, and yet as urged by this clear thinker it is an arraignment and a prophecy. Professor Foster's contention that ethics has essentially a religious basis prepares the way for a confident assertion of the counter-statement, that religion must ultimately rest on an ethical basis. In the *Biblical World* for May, Professor Henderson calls for "frank speech about the Christian Science movement, in which many estimable but misguided people are interested." He calls attention to the mischievous results of the overemphasis of a half-truth and thinks that "to this superstition countless deaths and untold suffering are already to be charged because it prevents the early resort to modern scientific treatment." Following a similar line of thought, Mr. Chesterton, from over the water, is quoted by the *Literary Digest* as saying, "The doctrine that pain and death are not real at all except insofar as their victims are cowardly enough to submit to them, is a diabolical doctrine." Perhaps the most pernicious, because the most subtle and elusive, element in Christian Science is the way it encourages false testimony. When one suffering from toothache "denies the claim," according to technical phrase, he is in great danger of lying about it. The tooth does ache; the eyes are weak; the bone is broken, and it would seem to be the part of integrity to at least own up to the fact and then proceed to treat it. We have reason to believe that Christian Scientists are heirs to their percentage of the ills of the flesh, and that there is a certain amount of delusion or something worse in their denial of the same. The present writer recently met on the Pacific Coast a Christian Science healer who confessed that she had traveled thither hoping to rid herself of sciatic rheumatism—a piece of truthfulness that ought not to be surprising, but which seems to be a disloyalty to the "Faith." Let the truth be told even though the existence of a liver and the disturbance of a stomach have to be admitted. Loyalty to fact would seem to be the first demand of science and an indispensable characteristic of a worthy follower of the man who commended the Samaritan for dressing the wounds of the man who had fallen among thieves and alleviating the suffering with oil, wine and the hospitalities of the inn.

Who Are the Anarchists?

Anarchy as a term in philosophy, in its high and good sense is self-government, life directed from within, a community so committed to the best, so in love with the excellent, so appreciative of liberty, that they live not *against* but *above* law, not in *defiance* to but *without* law. Philosophic anarchy is individualism carried to its logical conclusion, the higher law written in one's own members satisfying. "Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Perhaps in this category belong Socrates, Paul, Tolstoy, Emerson, Jesus.

We write these names hesitatingly and would emphasize the "perhaps," because such anarchism exists only in books and cannot exist outside the realm of theory, in the land of the ideal; because more and more does experience as well as philosophy, science and morals, press home the lesson that no man "liveth and no man dieth unto himself." Man is essentially a social being, and the larger the man the more imperative is the social compact. The individual is a fraction, imperfect and imbecile when not related to the larger unit, the community life.

In view of this fact the word "anarchy" becomes more and more narrow in its significance. In its bad sense it has come to represent chiefly those who are opposed to law, against the social order, who defy established authority, who refuse to submit to the social bond, and who on adequate provocation, literally "take the law into their own hands." This is the logic of the bomb-thrower, it is the philosophy of the highwayman, whether he presents the pistol in the face of his victim in the interest of bread or what he considers his liberty, or in vindication of another's rights.

This anarchist so flies in the face of history, the trend of science and the experience of the individual as well as of the community that it is impossible to think of him as other than an abnormal person, one who has been twisted, strained, broken, or otherwise maltreated so that he has become distorted; he is unhealthy, unwholesome. In the very nature of the case such a character is insulated; he is least of all

beings capable of acting coherently or in concert. Both by logic and by temperament he is disqualified from social co-operation or fitting into associated plans. The stories of the assassins of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, as well as of the bomb-throwers and those who otherwise have taken or menaced life by violence, amply prove this position.

Jane Addams, with characteristic clearness, promptness and courage, has a twelve-page article in the *Charities* for May 2 which is entitled, "The Chicago Settlements and Social Unrest." It is almost wholly given over to the discussion of the case of Averbuch, who came to his death at the hands of Mr. Shippy, the chief of police in the city of Chicago, a short time ago. Averbuch was a poor, hunted, homesick, apparently friendless refugee, haunted with the memories of the horrible massacres of Kishineff in Russia; a man who had inherited the memories of great wrongs and of cruel persecutions, looking at the world from the standpoint of the unemployed, the hungry, and consequently the victim of social injustice and legal tyranny.

These considerations do not in any way justify the foolish attempt to right the wrongs, either of himself or of his fellows, assuming that he entered the chief's home with murder in his heart. The event also explains but does not justify the rude, rough, hysterical action of the police and the panicky character of the public press.

Miss Addams details how the police ransacked printing offices, libraries, even the privacies of defenseless women, in search of evidence of a far-reaching plot and some malign organization perfected for the purpose of breaking up organized society. She also shows that this panic was not only unnecessary, but that the methods pursued were futile; they but aggravated the case; it was an attempt to Russianize the police service rather than to Americanize the refugees who had sought our shores in search of peace and safety.

As a contrast to this sporadic case of anarchy and defiance of law and a disrespect to the representatives of law, it is well to consider the flagrant neglect of law, the far-reaching dry-rot among those who are sworn to sustain law and who are supported for that purpose, in Chief Shippy's own department. Last week there was consternation in the "Red Light" district on the West Side, a panic among the saloon keepers whose business has been notoriously allied to the brothel and the gambling houses, because the announcement had been promulgated by the police department that *after* the first of May the license regulations would be strictly enforced as to hours of closing, gambling, and the vices that flourish within this section, because, they said, they would be driven out of business by such enforcement.

Pray, what was the department doing *before* the first of May? What a spectacle is this, to see law-breakers pleading with the officers of the law to tolerate their lawlessness, to continue to overlook the breaches of law and order, to continue to break their oaths and to disgrace their positions! Here is an anarchy that, in its essence and its effect, is immeasurably more pernicious, dangerous and damnable than that which can come through the distorted ideality, the maddened recklessness of those who have suffered great wrong. Indeed, it is this very anarchy in office, anarchy under the protection of the flag, anarchy tolerated if not justified by public opinion and popular vote, that permits the belated bomb-thrower, who belongs to the mediæval ages, to still appear at rare intervals and with diminished confidence. When the mayor of the great city of Chicago unblushingly avows his intention not to enforce certain laws, who says of certain stained and sinning women whose illicit traffic in liquor, without a license, is proven by their government permit, "Let those women alone; they have trouble enough already!" he puts himself in the ranks of the anarchist, a breeder of anarchy, and a justifier of lawlessness.

What we need today more than new legislation is a respect for the old legislation, an enforcement of the ordinances that exist. If any of them are unwise or unjust, let them be promptly repealed, but while they are on the statute book let them be enforced.

Perhaps the most hopeful development of the anti-saloon agitation is the apparently sincere effort on the part of a few saloon keepers to purge themselves of the reproach of lawlessness, to square their business with law, to respect the license they covet. In short, to establish a "decent" saloon. If such a thing is possible, probably the license contention will have won out, because a law-abiding saloon, a drinking place that is orderly at all times, from which minors, lewd women and gamblers are excluded, is a losing proposition from the start. The saloon keepers on the West Side of Chicago are typical. They told the truth when they said they cannot live under these conditions. Why should they? And shame on the officers who have so debauched their offices that these men dare carry to them their rebellious prayers, their insolent anarchy.

In view of all the facts, is it not time that we ask, "Who are the most dangerous anarchists?"

It at last becomes impossible to ascribe to a God laws and actions which reason would not dare describe to humanity.—*David Swing.*

What is it surely that you are fretting about? Is it the fashions, or what men say about you, or the means of livelihood, or is it the sense of duty this way or that, or trivial desires, that will not let you rest?

Brush it all aside. Enter into the life which is eternal, pass through the gate of indifference into the palace of mastery, through the door of love out into the great open of deliverance. Why indeed should we hurry? Is it not well here?—*Edward Carpenter.*

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

CHAPTER VII.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

(Continued from last week.)

"Welcome, Oscar Wilde!" was the title of an *Alliance* editorial in January, 1882. The Englishman who had reduced dandyism to a fine art was coming to Chicago, heralded as an apostle of beauty. "If he is a high priest of decency," Swing said, "he must come West and be a second Marquette of the lake region. He ought to stay a month in Chicago. On State street alone, at the fish market, one odorous salmon kept two months on ice will surpass all the lily-essence he can soak up in a square yard of his handkerchief." Such a missionary movement should have popular songs, he urged. All aids would be needed by any man who preached beauty on the classic bank of Chicago river. All of which meant that he did not take Wilde seriously. He hailed with joy every ray of white light falling from afar into our dark human world, but the doctrine of salvation by decoration he was unable to accept. Beauty, he argued, is a helper of the higher life, but it is not an Atlas to carry a big dirty world on its back. Wilde came, with his knee breeches, his big sunflower, his old-gold hair brushing his shoulders, and other carefully prepared eccentricities. He came, he saw, but he did not conquer. Begging pardon for his first editorial as "a hasty piece of boldness, which would best be recalled," Swing wrote another entitled "Oscar Wilde, the Small," which was one of the severest things he ever wrote. He said: "Wilde is a perfect specimen of man the little. A woman with a blonde wig kissing a poodle comes near expressing the unmanliness of this peacockism. He is her masculine rival to declare such æsthetics to be 'the secret of life.' He adds to the definition of a philosopher the application of a clown. He is to John Ruskin what a shoe-buckle is to a statue by Canova, or a crimson cravat to a landscape in soft colors. He is a peddler of childish jimcracks, and his domain is not the world but the show-case in some notion store."

In the summer of 1881 Professor Swing wrote to a friend: "Can I ever resume my work again? I should love to quit and rest. I have worked hard and seen nothing of our blessed planet. I should love to see Italy and Palestine. Before such dreams, my coming labors in the city seem more heavy than of yore." The secret of this letter was that he had planned a trip to Europe and the Holy Land for the following summer, and he was impatient for the time to come. At last the slow months passed, and the tired preacher and a party of friends—including his daughter, Miss Helen, Thomas Chard and wife and Thomas Hoyne—were off for the old country. They sailed on the steamer "Sevia" in the last days of July, bound for Liverpool. All the way over the sea was like a mirror. No winds vexed it by day, and each night brought a sky full of stars and a sea bright with phosphorescent light. Of his journeyings Swing wrote letters to *The Weekly Magazine—The Alliance* having in the meantime passed into the hands of religious radicals, led by the brilliant, erratic Geo. C. Miln, who had left the pulpit of Unity Church for the stage. Some letters of travel take you with them; others come back and tell you what they saw. Swing's were of the latter kind, and are interesting only as records of his impressions of his first and only trip abroad.

They landed at Liverpool and went to London the same day. There the party was broken up, and the Swings went to Paris—a "city built by many crowned heads acting with one vanity and one culture also, a realization of all the visions of the Arabian nights." But for Swing the shadow of history lay dark over the scene, and the shadow of illness also. He fell sick in Paris and had to abandon his dream of seeing Rome, Athens, and the land where Jesus walked. In the last days of August he returned to London, taking with him a fine contempt for French railway cars. London he found endlessly interesting, its historic spots, its literary shrines, and even its streets, veiled in whitey-brown fog, where all vehicles turned to the left, like the pilgrims in Dante's Inferno. He could not tell which was the more fascinating, the London of History or the London of Fiction; the London of Whitington and his cat, and Goody Two-Shoes, and the jolly Canterbury shades, of Marlowe and Chatterton, of Dick Steele and poor Goldsmith, or the London of the Tower and the Abbey. But after visiting the Abbey he decided in favor of the London of Fiction. It was a warm day and the marbles were so covered with dust and smut that the glamor with which he had invested the old shrine melted away. "Dust unto dust" it was in very truth. It was a church, he said, ruined to make a grave-yard, and a grave-yard spoiled to keep up a church, with the result that it was neither a temple nor a cemetery, but a chaos of art. After this, one feels that it was a kind fate which kept him from going to the east, where—

> "The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome,"

are of a ghostly and reminiscential sort.

He visited the tomb of Gray at Stoke Pogis, also Warwick Castle and Kenilworth. Thence he went to Stratford on the Avon and saw in one day "a little hut and a mighty grave, which only a lifetime can estimate aright." Of all cities he held Edinburgh to be the most beautiful. It was a scene to stir one who had a soul for beauty, that melting beauty which dims the eyes and fills the heart, a magical combination of hill, wood, lawn and ocean, with a picturesque city bathed in autumnal sunlight. Added to this was the charm of legend, romance and religion—the pulpit of Knox, the house of Queen Mary, the church of Chalmers, the memorial of Walter Scott, with the pinnacles of Holy Rood Place in the background. October found Swing back in Chicago, and, in spite of his illness, he had enjoyed his trip. But the greatest thing that he saw, greater than London or Paris, than castles and temples, was—"the sea, lying wide and grand as a measuring line for the soul!" Ever and again we hear echoes of the sea in his words, as witness that wonderful sermon suggested by the text: "There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be still." Witness also his pathetic picture of his friends, the Staffords, lost in the English Channel—"Clasped in each other's arms, they sank, not into the sea, but beyond it."

Matthew Arnold visited Chicago in October, 1883, and like so many visitors worshiped in Music Hall. The sermon, which he greatly enjoyed, was entitled "A Temporary Creed," and was a plea for a working faith in an age of criticism and doubt. That afternoon Arnold was Swing's guest, and they went for a drive to see the city. In the evening Swing gave a dinner in honor of his guest, inviting some friends to meet "the big gun," to use his phrase. By way of twitting Arnold for his English castism, he introduced Franklin McVeagh as a grocer, Potter Palmer as a

tavern-keeper, and N. K. Fairbanks as a soap-maker, much to the amusement of all. He then explained that McVeagh was a graduate of Yale, a life-long student, and that his grocery had no more to do with his intellectual life than Gladstone's ax had to do with his statesmanship—a lesson for Arnold in the virtues of democracy. The prank put every one at his ease, as it was meant to do, and smoothed the way for a delightful evening. But when the story began its journey in the picturesque world of journalism it took other forms, and in radical papers Swing was held up to scorn as a "cultured noodle, a toady," and the like—a lesson for Arnold in the vices of democracy. So easily, so quickly, does a joke lose its savor and become fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the foot of men.

The last volume of Swing's writings published during his lifetime appeared in the autumn of the same year, wearing the prosaic title of "Sermons." They were without homiletical form, but not therefore void of grace and power, and the spirit which brooded over them was none other than that spirit of "sweetness and light" and reason which was in him from the beginning. By this time he had lost much of his former patience with Ingersoll, who had turned all his batteries upon the follies of eccentric and sensational pulpiteers; as if one should organize the heavy artillery to bombard a choir of mosquitoes—"He passes from city to city and from town to town, not with Gough's eloquence against intemperance, not with the old eloquence of Everett upon the character of Washington, not with the silvery speech of Wendell Phillips upon the art or the heroism of L'Ouverture, not with the useful lessons of Greeley upon the economies of life, but with interminable complaints against all the tenets and teachers of religion. He moves along only one path, that one marked out by Thersites of the Greek army, and is less kind than Thomas Paine and less broad and less learned than Voltaire. He has none of the outreachings of mind and sentiment which helped to ornament Bolingbroke and Hume and Gibbon. He masses all his forces into one purpose, that of being an enemy of the common preacher."

Agnosticism, he pointed out in a sermon on "Reason and Imagination," is, for all its boastings, as much a bondage as dogmatism. It is a Shylock invading the sanctuary, exacting the last penny of truth. Lacking both reason and imagination, it mistakes faith for knowledge. If you suggest to it that faith is not sight, it smiles a sickly smile of victory and demands the exact proof. It asks us to exchange the infinite for the finite, a sublime poetry for a few facts, and a great summer-time of the soul for a long, cold night. It rushes into the theater of man and puts out the lights in the first act, because of inadequate proof that the piece is going to be a success. In short, it is destitute of that buoyancy of soul, that spirit of adventure, which has made humanity what it is, and which will shape the future. By common consent all are now dwellers in a new era, in a new world, but no one should live shelterless or exposed. Let each one construct "A Temporary Creed," as pioneers in a new country build shanties. Some few great truths may be found with which to begin to rear at least a tent, if nothing more. The new land of critics is an improvement on the old country of fagots and racks, and the wild skeptics are kinder than the intolerant Calvin. It may be that we must dwell in tents all our days, like the chosen people of old. Let it so be. Pitch a white tent of faith on hilltop or by a placid stream. By the door raise a flag of hope, its emblem a cross and a crown, and sing the songs of Zion. The earthly tent of encampment will be supplanted by something better in the future, or else by a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

In this volume the preacher appeared as an apostle of Beauty, and his doctrine of Beauty was deeper than that of Wilde and more practical than that of Ruskin. No one, he said, can define beauty or give any reason for it. It is, as Shelly said, its own excuse for being. It is one of the forms of God's spirit, a friend of religion and a companion of Christ. It is more than mere decoration, more than the frosting on the cake, more than the veneer upon the wood, more than Horace's purple patch upon an humble garment. It is ripeness, soundness, maturity, perfection. Knowledge carried up into beauty is wisdom, culture and refinement; life in full bloom is the beauty of holiness. Religion must be beautiful, and the beauty must be incarnate in the soul as red is in the rose, its native color and form. So also of society, it should be a kingdom of moral taste. The ruin of Greece came not from the bad influence of beauty, but from the absence of all else. A poem is as useful as a plow, for if man have no love of beauty he needs no clothes but a shroud, no home but a hut. Beauty is utility in full bloom. In such sermons as Moral Esthetics, An Inwrought Life, A Symmetrical Life, and The Beautiful is the Useful, this doctrine was elaborated and illustrated. An English reviewer said of the book: "Other sermons are logical or instructive or inspiring, but Swing's always add the element of beauty that turns language into literature." A Divine Philosophy, Eighteen Missing Years, The Coming Aristocracy, and Faithful Unto Death, were sermons wherein truth had wedded beauty.

Beecher had become a convert to the theory of evolution, and was stating his new faith in a series of memorable sermons. And such sermons! Some one said truly, it was like bringing a laboratory into a Gothic cathedral. The sermons were luminous with flashes of insight and radiant with multi-colored beauty, but, as Swing read them, they were inexact in fact and bizarre in effect. He did not share the alarm felt by many, but he did feel that Beecher was premature and much too facile in his readjustment of faith. Night, which increases the vagueness of objects and the natural timidity of the mind, can turn a sheep, a white cow, or a belated tippler or traveler, into a visitor from another world. To older minds there come ghosts of a different species but of equal frightfulness; for example, the Darwinian ghost. At last, to one going up close to this ghost, and even touching it, it proves to be only a common object made mysterious by an intellectual night and the natural timidity of the human soul. So far as it had any reality in it, it was only Aristotle's "perfecting principle in Nature" walking in its sleep.

In a series of sermons, only one of which appeared in the volume here noticed, he gave his reasons for not accepting the Darwinian theory. He was much calmer than Beecher in his discussion, and much better informed as to the findings of science. In "The Moral Element in Creation" the ground was taken that the forces of nature could not prefer a survival of the fittest, for they possess no moral taste, and "the potency of life" could not make a man love the perfume of a rose or a red sunset. The question was not one of power, but of *guided power*. A gulf exists between the highest animal and the lowest man which no chain of "missing links" can span. They cannot come to us, nor can we go to them, though we may fall, seemingly, below them. The cave-men are no nearer the ape than we are. His "Objections to Evolution" were

many, but the crux of it all was that the theory had not been, and in the nature of things could not be, proved. So no one need fling away faith and wander, like Romanes, in "the lonely mystery of existence." What "soul of loneliness" the universe ever had, it possesses yet. Life always was a mysterious flower with hidden roots and with colors and perfumes from unseen urns, but what it was in the years far gone it is in the years that are still unfolding.

Orthodox critics found the book unsatisfactory. One of them dismissed it on this wise: "Swing preaches like a man whose heart is in the heaven, but who has no other hope of getting us there than his own strong love. He may have a kind of faith, but it is without form and void." It fared even worse at the hands of the radicals, who mistook freedom of faith for freedom from faith. Said the *Radical Review:*

"Once again comes David Swing with his blessed saints, Plato, Zeno and Marcus Aurelius. They are the trinity of Music Hall. Without them his preaching is vain, and his faith is vain also. A man who says what he does could say more if he were not afraid. Lacking the courage of his lack of convictions, he is only a purveyor of sentimental platitudes and rose-water ethics. As sacred compositions his sermons stand quite apart from the current homilies of the pulpit. They are the work of a scholar, a student of humanity as well as of books; they are refined, and his culture gives them an elevating tone. The book shows his usual 'aimlessness,' and the theology of it flutters about like a weather vane on a steeple. But, for all that, its general direction is towards rationalism, albeit clothed in the fine literary style with which he chloroforms the innocents of Music Hall. But Music Hall is a recruiting station for Weber Hall, which, in turn, is the last station before we reach the bright and shining tents of the Liberal League. Men tire of a diet that is neither fish, flesh nor fowl."

Truly, the way of the moderate, like the way of the transgressor, is hard. He must stand the cross-fire of extremists from both sides whose labels he will not wear. Swing kept to his middle path with patient wisdom, not only in theology but in the social debates, which absorbed his attention with increasing frequency as the years passed. To these problems he brought the same clear-eyed, unbiased right reason, baptized in a humane spirit, which had led him through the mazes of theology. A tendency to dally with Skepticism was visible in clerical quarters. As Swing saw the situation, it was no time for dallying, least of all for denunciation. The future of the nation would be imperiled if great issues were left to be fought over between a wild passion for change and a stupid opposition to change. He saw the folly alike of a rapturous idealism and an immobile conservatism. Without dreams, even without some extreme opinions, the world would hardly wag. And socialism, as Swing saw it, was an extreme opinion, if not altogether a dream. Under the Owens at New Harmony, it was an inspiration purely good in its object. But socialism had gotten into bad company, had become identified with malignant class hate, and with much else that would have filled Sir Thomas More or the founders of New Harmony with horror. It had joined forces with the foes of faith in a vandalism which would pull down the altars of man's prayer and hope. Of this unsocial socialism he said, in a sermon on "The Church the People's Friend":

"Science first came to cover the sky of faith with a deep cloud. Doubts about the truths of religious philosophy came as though to prepare the millions to listen to some new story of life and death. Upon hearts smitten of doubt the communists and socialists and all the malcontents of whatever name poured words of ill-will toward the church and the clergy, and have thus induced the belief in many minds that the church is a group of aristocrats who hate the multitude, and that the clergy are mere sycophants bending around men of influence and wealth. There is in the books and speeches of these leaders and followers a whole literature of complaint and irony against all that wears the name of God. . . . It is a common accusation made by the socialists that the houses of worship are built along fashionable streets, and that the church bells are to call only the rich to prayer. They fail to see that when Christianity, with its philosophy of God and of that divine origin of man, lays the foundation of a city, that city reveals all the taste of an art, for there is an everlasting affiliation between religion and beauty. If out of its high ideals of purity, industry and economy in part there comes the wide village street, with its white cottages and long lanes of maples and elms, the spires of God's house should rise up and its bells ring in the midst of its own work of enchantment. . . . It may be said that Christianity fails: so does Socialism. It failed under Plato. It so failed in the first Christian century that it did not breathe for a thousand years. It failed again under Owen, than whom it could not have had a better chief. Christianity is costly? So is Socialism. Owen spent three hundred thousand dollars on one little spot, and his only return was a half-broken heart. . . . The faults of the church are the faults of humanity. Socialism will meet and be marred by the same faults. . . . But Christ has not failed. . . . The indolent must work, the drunkard must become temperate, the wasteful economical, the ignorant educated, the wicked righteous—that is the Bible plan for a new heaven and a new earth."

So, with malice toward none, and with simple, homely wisdom, he dealt with a theory born of unrest or fondness for change. An individualist of the old school, he had little sympathy with the vague idealisms of the day, though he had a vivid social sense and knew that "to provide for the excellence of a privileged class at the expense of the rest of the community is becoming to us increasingly impossible in fact and intolerable in idea." Not private property, but special privilege, is the menace of the republic. But, alas, he lived to see his city a scene of chaos, conspiracy, rapine and murder.

In November, 1883, Professor Swing spent a week in Boston. New England scenery was in rich autumn dress, a symbol of multicolored, magnificent death. He took time to call on James Freeman Clarke and to hear Phillips Brooks preach. Of Brooks he wrote: "He read his text, and then, raising his chin to about the degree of a canary bird in its best song, he let loose the words of a rapid sermon, and the audience began the task of catching what coin they could from the most generous flinger. The sermon was all one sentence, but we caught enough to pay for going to Trinity Church." The following winter Brooks was a worshiper in Music Hall, and it would be interesting to have his opinion of the deliberate preacher. The same year came Beecher, the old man eloquent and the old man radical. He was Swing's guest, and their talk journeyed over all the world and the rest of mankind. Beecher was of opinion that any one who believed in a hell of fire ought to go there, and many indeed were on their way, since all were chasing the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. He inclined to the theory of conditional immortality, on the ground that so many have failed so entirely and have made such poor use of life that there is no reason why the experiment should be continued. Swing's optimism, indeed, held out better than Beecher's; but then he was a younger man and escaped the temptation to despair of the world which comes with too great weight of years. But Beecher's faith in Christ was not dimmed, but more intense and brightly burning. In that light he was walking down to death, like a traveler toward the sunset, with radiant face.

The twentieth anniversary of Professor Swing's ministry in Chicago was celebrated in February, 1866. His sermon that day was "A Talk Over the Past Twenty Years," sketching the progress of the city and its changes, the changes in its church life, its pulpits and its spirit. The following evening, Washington's birthday, his friends gave him a banquet at the

Palmer House. It was a brilliant evening of music, flowers, poetry and oratory. Three hundred and eighty guests sat down with him, folk of all pursuits and almost every tint of creed. Dr. John Henry Barrows, in a graceful address, brought greetings to Professor Swing from his Presbyterian friends, in these words: "Let me close these remarks, Professor Swing, with an expression of the kindly feelings of that group of your friends which I represent. Our differences have not estranged us, and you will allow me to give you this benediction: 'May the light of the True, the Fair and the Good ever shine along your brightening pathway, until, returning late into Heaven, you shall see the King in His beauty!'" In response, Professor Swing said, telling the story of a London gentleman to whom a banquet had been given:

"It does not seem possible that all this disturbance of the peace is made over me. I cannot accept all these kind words and kind deeds. I must now tear the bouquet to pieces, and fling a rose to each of you, that we may be like the Greeks, who, when they gave a banquet, made each one wear a chaplet of leaves, men and women alike. To respond to the sentiments offered this evening is impossible. . . . Mr. Froude passed through this city a year ago, and, having spent an hour in a carriage or a railway station, repeated the customary conclusion of a certain kind of Englishman, that Chicago was remarkable for its pig-killing. We wish there could be some manner by which the information could be conveyed to such foreigners that the grains and meats shipped by Chicago have no more to do with her moral and intellectual standing than the beer manufactured in London has to do with her students and writers, the members of her parliament, her pulpit, and of Temple Bar. . . . The traveling Froudes who can find something at home besides beer, ought to be able to find something in Chicago besides bacon. Our city, like all great cities, contain two lives; its business life and its intellectual life, and Chicago will soon be as great in the latter as she is in the former. . . . I thank you deeply for the honor of this banquet. To me this assemblage is one of peculiar worth, because, being outside of the denominations, I am much like Selkirk on his island, and have much needed this fraternal greeting from brethren in the pulpit and from members of other and all pursuits. I shall more than ever feel the presence of that brotherhood which has this night been made visible. Happy city to live in where its friendships can, by a banquet, convert twenty almost lost years into a delightful memory."

Among the regrets sent by those unable to attend was the following letter, which so struck the keynote not only of the twenty years then recalled but of the whole ministry of David Swing, that it may fittingly close this chapter of his life-story:

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, Feb. 15, 1886.

Dear Friend: Let me intrude upon your festival to wish you joy, but chiefly to wish all the religious world joy that you have lived so long to make your influence felt from one end of the land to the other—an influence which has kept frank minds within the faith through its breadth and health, which has comforted the doubting through a liberal interpretation, and has resisted above all the spread of infidelity by the clear exposition of a faith that knows no narrowness, no bigotry. In the name of all the arts which you have so lovingly cherished and sustained, I wish you long life and health and many imitators. Your faithful friend, LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Two Sonnets

I. DISILLUSIONMENT!

I sat alone, and on my soul there fell
The primal silence, and disquiet grew!
Vain was it that I strove to break me thru'
The awful sense of Power impalpable,
That wound around me with its subtle spell,
The while the veil from off my eyes it drew,
Laying the dark doubts open to my view,
And to the gloom my vision did compel!

Gone, woe is me, the unreflective Faith,
Serene in mind and fervent at the heart!
Anguished I grope, while ever round me start
Familiar forms,—ah, me, each but a wraith!
For as the "Lost" I fain once more would clasp,
Darkness alone I feel within my grasp!

II. RECONCILIATION.

I had been lost so long in utter night,
So oft did will-o'-wisps my yearning use,
Only in deeper gloom my steps to lose,
That I mistrusted every gleam of light!
So, when the black horizon hinted white,
The dawning Hope my soul did first refuse.
But soon the heav'ns unfurled their rainbow hues,
And the rich promise grew upon my sight!

Grew ever more into the larger day,
Not dewy fresh in fragile innocence,
But everywhere in hue and line intense,
For still behind the light the mystery lay,
Dimly revealed,—yet not so dim, indeed,
But that my soul divined the deeper creed!

H. W ETTELSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN UNITY:

For some time you and I have been working for religious fellowship and fraternity; but, while that is a noble object, are the results satisfactory? There is still left the overwhelming fact that all the churches and all the sects, liberal and otherwise, although falling into each other's arms, are substantially of the same old intent and purpose. While we have been calling for fellowship the world has been revolutionized in its method of thinking and working by modern science. Evolution teaches plainly that man is not a fallen being, but one who has risen from the merely sentient to the reasoning—and is still on the road of progress. With this goes our whole scheme of theology, including incarnation, salvation of a vicarious sort, and all our supposed knowledge of future retribution and reward. The Bible of today includes Darwinism—that is progress; Keplerism—that is law (without miracles); salvation by heredity and environment (including education).

Have we not also largely outlived the need of the pulpit? Not only have the people refused, any longer, to spend the day of rest in listening to amateur instruction, but we ourselves are deeply convinced that we cannot afford the time and the strength requisite for customary religious exercises. One discourse in a day is more than can be justly demanded of a large share of our ministers. Meanwhile modern life requires that the whole community be organized for ethical purposes, as it is for political and for social. We have learned a new conception of the body and of the world. "Going back to nature" is a moral as well as a physical drift—to Jesus among the lilies as well as to the wild roses, and to our work in the gardens and orchards.

By spending any more of our time on the gracious effort of bringing about unity of the sects are we really accomplishing what we desire? Do we not need a distinctively new religious purposing; and possibly a distinct organization, that might be called the Church of Evolution? A grand and positive theology is already thoroughly worked out; why not use it? What have we any longer to do with these old notions and outlived methods? Can the church of the living God and the evolving manhood be established; and can we expect an honest social life before such a church becomes the center of influence? Our land is covered with almost helpless, yet nearly countless organizations, whose main aim is self-support. Is this the end of Christianity? If all the sects could be brought together, they would still dwindle and become as helpless as they are now while dissociated.

Brothers, I am yours truly,

E. P. POWELL.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

At the Capital City.

Many things seem to indicate that the do-nothing policy of the Republican majority in Congress will soon be abandoned or else a Democratic landslide is a possibility in the coming presidential election. Competent judges assert that the opposition of Speaker Cannon on the wood pulp matter and to the demands of the newspapers for relief against the paper trust have occasioned widespread dissatisfaction with the present Congressional leaders. Added to this the growing hostility of both House and Senate toward President Roosevelt has served quite as much to eliminate the confidence of the people in the dominant party as to lessen the unreasoning loyalty to the chief executive. We are just in receipt of the executive proclamation of the governor of Oklahoma, setting apart May 7 as a legal holiday in that state and calling upon the country to demand the submission of certain amendments to the Constitution. One of these is the election of United States Senators by the people, a demand which it is asserted has already been individually championed by twenty-seven of the states and of the remaining nineteen a majority it is believed will favor this amendment. In spite of all signs to the contrary it is undoubtedly true that the present Congress has within its power the defeat of the Republican candidate at the next election.

No Longer an Island.

The completion of the tunnels leading from New Jersey to New York and to Brooklyn has practically joined the Island of Manhattan to the mainland, since no longer a stretch of water and ferry system divides the railroads of the country from its great metropolis. From Hoboken, N. J., to Sixth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York City is now only a seven minutes' ride in steel railway cars underneath the river, where no storms, or fogs, or ferry boat dangers can interfere with traffic. Five hundred miles of trolleys in New Jersey bring about 250,000 "commuters" from their country homes into the city as within an hour a twenty or thirty-mile journey in New Jersey is completed by the short trip to the Central Station in New York City. In a few weeks Long Island, as well as Manhattan, will be connected with New York and New Jersey by a system of tunnels which change entirely the difficulties of travel in that locality.

Chicago Postal Problems.

The recent decision of the Postoffice Department at Washington to return to the old method of transporting mail from the office to the station by wagon, because of the saving in expense over the Illinois Tunnel Company charge, has raised a storm of protest from business men all over the city. Possibly the wagon method is a little cheaper, but the possibilities or certainties of delay and the constantly increasing demands being made on the postal facilities of the city seem to justify the demand of the people that the decision of the department be reversed. There would seem to be abundant justification for the price demanded by the tunnel company, but even if the opposite is true the increased facilities are worth vastly more than are possible to the wagon system, and it is hoped the contract will be renewed with the tunnel company.

Plans to Make Gold.

Whether it is only one more of the many dreams of alchemists to transmute some baser metal into gold or not, the recent claims of a Mr. Rudolph M. Hunter, now in Chicago, that he has discovered a method of manufacturing twenty-four carat gold are being given wide circulation. Of course the result comes at the end of years of toil and Mr. Hunter is seeking a coterie of capitalists to develop and prosecute the new discovery. The story sounds fishy and yet it would not be any more remarkable than other discoveries of modern science.

Roman Catholic Celebration.

Last week in New York City 60,000 Roman Catholic laymen marched in review as a climax to the celebration of the establishment of the New York diocese. A letter of congratulation from President Roosevelt was one of the many features of the occasion. Whatever criticism may be brought against the Romanist propaganda it is certainly true that Protestant religion may well take notice and emulate the zeal as well as much of the wisdom of the prelates of the Roman church. Assuredly also the power exerted by this great church on the side of ethics and morality can hardly be over-estimated. C. A. O.

The Sultan Yields.

The one form of persuasion to which the Sublime Porte is amenable is the big stick in the form of a few warships threatening a Turkish port. Italy and France are each engaged in resorting to this extremity and with immediate success. No bloodshed is apprehended. Meanwhile the President is being blocked by Congress in his urgent request for the addition of four new battleships to our own big stick. They will give him but two, and hardly that. We wish we could feel more confident that the reluctance of Congress is due to any principle higher than that of economy and a desire to snub the President. Meanwhile there are rumors of a miraculous electric gun that would put all our navies out of business, and of an artificial tidal wave that would swamp the biggest attacking fleet. The probability is that inside of a score of years it will be evident that the enormous sums we are putting into battleships were thrown away.

Taft to Visit Panama.

Mr. Taft, whose success in securing the Republican nomination seems now almost as much a foregone conclusion as Bryan's success in securing the Democratic, has announced his intention of visiting the Isthmus to attend to some important matters connected with the building of the canal, notably the settling of certain questions regarding the foundations for the Gatun dam.

Yates—Deneen.

Governor Deneen and former Governor Yates, of Illinois, are vigorously lambasting each other on the stump in the rural counties of Illinois. The public is taking little interest in these rhetorical slugging matches, and is willing to believe there is truth on both sides, as there is evidently bad blood on both sides. Mr. Deneen has dropped into a different class than he was supposed to belong in when he was running for nomination, and there is no better evidence of it than that so small a man as Yates should rise from his political grave and enter the lists against him. It is certainly a far cry from Lincoln—Douglas to Yates—Deneen in Illinois.

Employment Agencies on the Grill.

No more valuable piece of work has been undertaken by the Illinois Commission of Labor than the investigation of the so-called high-class employment agencies in Chicago, such as "Hapgoods" and the "Elliott System." The testimony taken this last week should be enough to put both these concerns and all others like them effectually out of business. It appears that the legal limit of $2 for a fee has been evaded by Hapgoods by the virtual requirement that all applicants subscribe for a publication known as "Opportunities" at $5 a year. It was shown that announcements of vacant positions made in the magazine were always hopelessly stale. Other testimony was given indicating that these concerns have been systematically working a confidence game on the poor fellow who is seeking for a good business position. This is even worse than the matrimonial agencies, for the men who pay their good money to employment agencies are usually poor and can ill afford to lose it. To raise their hopes by alluring prospects of positions that have only an imaginary existence or are certain to be filled before the announcement reaches the applicant is the basest and cruelest form of imposition. A good old-fashioned tarring and feathering is none too good for men who would deliberately operate swindles of this kind. W. B. T.

Our Forests

This word comes from the National Forestry Association and is authentic. It illustrates the folly of American protection, which shuts out of our markets foreign lumber and hastens the destruction of our own.

"An Australian corporation has just received a concession from the Russian Government to take out 30,000,000 feet of timber a year from a forest in Siberia, 900 miles from Vladivostok, to be delivered in Melbourne, Australia, approximately 8,000 miles away, and nearly three times the distance from New York to San Francisco.

"It is likely that no lumbering operation of recent years more strongly illustrates the pinch in the timber supply in all parts of the world. In the news of the concession, told in an American lumber journal, is the suggestion of the difficulty that all countries may have to encounter in getting the wood which they need in the future. Every year timber cruisers are going further and further afield and cutting trees which, in former times of abundance, they passed because of the inaccessibility of the forest.

"In taking out the Siberian timber the Melbourne lumbermen will have to ship the entire year's cut in July, August, September and October, for during the remainder of the year there is no open water at the point of shipment. What makes this unusual feature of transporting bulky logs 8,000 miles quite feasible is that such manufactured stock is admitted free, while there is a heavy duty on all manufactured wood brought into Australia, the duty on lumber, for instance, being nearly $5 a thousand board feet. At Melbourne a new mill is being erected to manufacture these logs into dressed stock, such as flooring, ceiling and other products, as well as into lumber.

"These Siberian operations differ from the lumbering methods in the United States in that in this country it is possible and customary to have new mills conveniently near the place of production, though, with the continually decreasing supply, the larger mills often find it profitable to haul their timber by trams and railroads many miles away from their saws. Forest experts in this country say that the hope of the United States for a steady supply of timber lies in the application of forestry to all timber lands, private and public, and the careful study of the economical and better utilization of the product. Even so, a severe shortage in twenty to twenty-five years must be expected.

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

John C. Kimball, Greenfield, Mass.

Miss Mary E. Hawley, Chicago.

Mrs. Clarice H. Jackman, Janesville, Wis.

Thirty dollars from five other friends.

FROM JANESVILLE, WIS.: I notice in last UNITY that the "Thirtieth Regiment" is to have a longer time in which to fill out its ranks. My thirty may be earning something in the meantime. Find a draft for it enclosed. Hoping your plans may be fully realized.

A ROCHESTER MINISTERIAL FRIEND: I have been receiving UNITY for about two years, I think; by whose suggestion, instigation or benevolence I do not know. It has often occurred to me that I ought to make some return. I have noted the endeavors to sustain and maintain the publication, but while a good deal interested in UNITY, and in the work which the Lincoln Centre appears to be doing, the things that have a prior claim on me are too numerous to permit me to go in on any of the proposals made, so far as I have noticed; but the letter recently received reminds me afresh of my obligation, which I undertake to discharge, not according to its value but according to my ability, by sending you the enclosed check for $— I am reading with much satisfaction Mr. Newton's biography of David Swing. The work is done with a loving and skillful hand.

A VETERAN MINISTER OF MASSACHUSETTS: I have got together $30 to be devoted to some philanthropic purpose, and I have been considering carefully where the putting of it will do the most good—a question harder sometimes than the earning of it, and much more important than the mere giving of it, which, in most cases, is a luxury. You may consider it, therefore somewhat of a compliment that I have decided to contribute it to your UNITY Publishing Fund, and I herewith enclose a draft on New York for that amount. All I ask in return is that you will justify my confidence by making it secure of "doing the most good."

FROM A FAITHFUL BOSTON LADY: Perhaps you remember that when I sent the poor little $— in November I could not write; I cannot now. You have helped so many to be persistent in trying. Why do those who have money not give themselves the joy of sending you a check that will put UNITY on a firm foundation?

Have faith. If that which rules the universe were alien to your soul, then nothing could mend your state—there were nothing left but to fold your hands and be damned everlasting.

But since it is not so—why what can you wish for more? All things are given into your hands. On all sides God surrounds you, staring out upon you from the mountains, and from the face of the rocks, and of men, and of animals.

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes

Putnam has united with the *Reader,* and the two together will be much stronger than either alone. It is a natural literary combination. The March number gives us a charming, but short article on Renan, and the general list of topics is attractive. I am glad to note that there is a short but very comprehensive note on Inland Waterways, only that this refers one back to the *Reader,* before its combination with Putnam—which may not be convenient for all. I hope that before the series of articles closes, it will make clear to the people that such a movement is comprehensible in its national aspect, only when it discusses improved waterways across New York State to New York; and then considers the projected series of canals down the Atlantic coast, together with a canal across the northern part of Florida. This magnificent scheme will almost revolutionize commerce, and will give to the East what the Chicago and New Orleans improvement will give to the West. The whole nation should be a recipient of the projected improvement. The canal down the Atlantic, or series of canals, will make coast trade and passenger service almost as safe as that on the rivers.

From Henry Holt & Co. I am in receipt of "Darwinism Today," a discussion of recent scientific criticism of Darwin's theories; by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University. Here is a book that should lie on the table of thorough students. It ought to become a supplement to Cope's "Origin of the Fittest," the most magnificent scientific production from any American author bearing on the evolution problem. It should be the one book thoroughly mastered by thinkers along these lines. This book of Mr. Kellogg is an admirable review but very compact of Darwin himself, the attacks that have been made upon Darwinism, and all supplementary criticism. If there were room in a brief review of this sort I should like to say something specific about the DeVries "doctrine of mutations." No one can have worked faithfully in garden and orchard without finding out a good deal that bears on the DeVries doctrine, and possibly some things that he did not find out. However, I must content myself here with simply saying that you cannot get along without this book of Mr. Kellogg's if you want a concentrated presentation of about all that has been said of Darwinism for the last twenty-five years. It is published by Henry Holt & Co., of New York

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From Little, Brown & Co. I am in receipt of a very curious book called "More," and written by George Otis Draper. It is a sort of book that should emanate from a very one-sided and partially educated man. All that he has to say on such questions as tariff has been said much better by others—even on his own side of the question. What he has to say on socialism is a strangely mixed up affair and of no practical value. When he asserts that government interference paves the way to government ownership we have to answer, Well, what then? When he asserts that socialism means equal hours and equal pay for everybody, "irrespective of capacity," we know that he is not stating the truth. In other words, the book is a conceited muddle of statements, unrestrained by either logic or good sense. It is impatient in spirit and in no sense of the word needed.

E. P. POWELL.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS...CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne Willard B. Thorp Payson S. Wild

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles R. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, R. A. White, Charles Zeublin

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—When the Senior Editor accepted an invitation to extend his Western trip by a week and a thousand miles or more, swinging far North from his orbit as originally planned, Bellingham became a great gainer, for dates were arranged so as to bring the speaker and this city together upon a Sunday. The hall in which the Unitarian movement is holding its meetings was filled at the morning service. A strong and uplifting sermon upon the life of Paul, with an application to pioneer work in religion, was particularly appropriate to the occasion.

But it was at the Congregational church in the evening that the Senior Editor performed his miracle, since through his presence the Unitarian minister was invited by the Congregational pastor to share the platform, and for the first time in the history of Bellingham a Unitarian was received into another pulpit. All this was fine Congress of Religion work, and the Senior Editor lost no opportunity to emphasize with telling effect his subject, "The Overlapping Territory in Religion," to an audience that crowded the aisles of the auditorium.

Bellingham was indeed favored by the Senior Editor, for he made six addresses in two days. The three arranged before his arrival grew to six, as he stated in his account in UNITY, but he modestly refrained from further comment. Let it be known, then, that his talk to 150 representative people upon "Civics" touched aglow a fire which burned brightly and still burns because he was here, in a realization of the needs of the city. A public-spirited citizen has just donated $15,000 for good roads and one writer in the press has asserted the gift is the result of the Senior Editor's plea for civic betterment.

Pertinent words spoken to several hundred high-school scholars in their new assembly hall, occupied for the first time, were appreciated keenly by the students, while twenty-five prominent business and professional men of Bellingham gathered at noon for luncheon with the Senior Editor, and a parting shot upon his impressions of the city.

The two days' visitation was filled with engagements closely knit and largely attended. It was a fast and furious finish to a long and strenuous trip of talks, lectures and sermons. The Senior Editor did not make hard work of it. Indeed, as he left upon the local train to connect with the Canadian Pacific and cross the line into British Columbia, on the home lap for Chicago and Lincoln Centre, he declared the Bellingham outing had rested him. And he looked it. Bellingham wishes to record in printers' ink its appreciation of his visit.

FRED ALBAN WEIL.

Bellingham, Wash., April 28, 1908.

CHICAGO.—*All Souls Church.*—The annual Confirmation Class Alumni Banquet is always an interesting event in the life of this church. The gathering last week was no exception; a new class of ten was welcomed, which makes an aggregate of 220, which are now scattered literally throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its representatives reach from Panama to Canada, from Boston to Portland. The president, Miss Wynne Lackersteen, in her opening address, made the following interesting analysis of the present membership: Sixty-one of them are still in school, seventeen of these in colleges; forty-four are in business, seventeen are teachers, two are librarians, three are doctors, one a lawyer, two journalists, one a trained nurse, one in training, two settlement workers, one playwright, thirty-five not accounted for; seven are deceased, forty-one are married and four are known to be engaged. Said the president in her opening speech:

"As I recall the studies of the Confirmation Class, the jokes and humor incident to banquets would be out of place, for they were such as could not be passed off with a joke; they dealt with serious questions and the large problems of life. Our pleasure consisted not in parodying the lessons but in seeking their hidden truth, in everything discovering that right is the winning principle, and that everywhere 'truth is the only armor in all passages of life and death.' Children as we were, it was impressed upon us that we were members of a large family, many of whom thought, acted and worshiped in ways different from our own. Our teacher pled with us for tolerance and respect for others, but firmness and strength in what we deemed the right. Year by year the question, 'Is it worth while?' is answered more strongly in the affirmative. I recall one of our girls in a little town in Washington, not blessed with much money but with that which counts for much more—willing hands and a good heart. She has learned that life is measured by its service, not by its dollars. She has given her time willingly to fan a spark of brotherhood to such a flame that she has brought under one roof people of differing sects; taught them that that is faith in God which is trust in the right. She learned from her Confirmation Class studies that all are working towards the same end, though it be in different ways; that nothing is failure that makes for character; nothing success that hurts it."

One of the interested guests of the evening was the Rev. Mr. Davies, the neighboring pastor in Armour Mission. He told of his first Confirmation Class, patterned after that of All Souls Church, following essentially the same outline of study as that laid out by the leader of All Souls Church, and expressed the hope that at no distant day the neighboring Confirmation Classes might exchange courtesies and come into closer fellowship with each other.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The fifty-sixth annual meeting of this organization will be held in the Church of the Messiah, Michigan boulevard and Twenty-third street, May 18-21. The conference sermon will be preached by Rev. George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, on Monday evening; Tuesday will be Alliance Day, at which, in addition to the routine work and practical problems, Rev. Charles Ferguson, of Kansas City, and J. M. A. Spence, of Hinsdale, will undertake to prove that Unitarianism can be so defined as to prove its identity with essential Americanism. In the evening there will be a platform meeting, at which Revs. William Forkell, of Aurora; E. Stanton Hodgin, if Minneapolis, and W. L. Beers, of Youngstown, Ohio, will speak. Wednesday will be the session of the Conference proper. In the afternoon Rev. G. R. Dotson, of St. Louis, will discuss "Pragmatism," and Prof. G. B. Foster "Religion in the Making." In the evening "The Church and Civic Righteousness" will be discussed in its individual, municipal and national phases by Revs. Florence Buck, of Kenosha; Anthony Mills, of Rockford, and R. W. Boynton, of Buffalo. Thursday will be Sunday school day and Thursday afternoon the Unitarian Club of Chicago will give a banquet at the Palmer House. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing conference headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Foreign Notes

PICTURES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—After a long interval of silence, two letters have come once more direct from Miss Hobhouse, one, addressed especially to the Swiss friends, is dated Pretoria, 8th March, '08, and reads as follows:

"This is to announce the safe arrival of the twenty cases, for which endless thanks to all who have spent time and money upon this noble gift. So far, I have unpacked about half, and have come upon some beautiful wheels, the silk loom and winders (for weft), the flax brakes and many other things. As cocoons have been promised us, I have hopes of trying silk, so your loom may

just be in time. Flax, too, has been grown by government and if we set it successfully then your brakes have come at the psychological moment, so to speak.

"You may rest assured the generosity shown by dear friends has not been wasted in vain. The work has rooted itself and daily fresh instances come to hand of its growth. It will remain in the country long after I have left it and after we are all in our graves. Of that I feel assured.

"Will you give my warmest thanks to all our supporters? The wheels came quite safely, without damage, and this time nearly every wheel has little messages and texts attached. It is most touching!"

The above, as it came to me, was accompanied by a statement from Mme. Degli Asinelli that the final Swiss gift is now on its way to Pretoria, where it should arrive about the beginning of July. It consists of twenty-six cases containing 208 spinning wheels (a few of those already reported as collected were discarded), 90 reels, 49 winders, 1 silk loom in old oak and 3 mysterious parcels, probably personal gifts to Miss Hobhouse and her children from friends. An ample check has also been sent to cover all the expense of transportation of this valuable consignment.

The following extracts are from a letter of earlier date addressed to the English committee and hence later in reaching us. Under date of March 2, Miss Hobhouse writes:

"I must apologize for my long silence and explain it was caused by the intense heat from which for three months we have been suffering, and by Mrs. Gaetzsche's illness, which threw much extra work upon me. I have not been cool until today, when I find myself on the High Veld enjoying the hospitality of friends on a farm near Ermelo. My hosts have been very wealthy people and it is sad to huddle together in a horrid tin shanty and look at the great stone house—a burnt out ruin, the park and pleasure grounds all a wilderness and acres of fruit trees with the fruit rotting away and no means to get it to market. Curious to meet a spinning wheel and looms in this *entourage* and see how our work fits in with the farm life and the interest felt in it by all who come and go. It has been delightful having the loom out under the trees and working there instead of in a hot school. I notice also how here the disagreeable parts of the work (washing, carding, etc.) are relegated to the Kaffir boys and girls who swarm about with nothing to do. Their interest in the details of weaving is extreme, and they come and poke their black faces into the looms trying to understand the warp.

"There is another guest here, Bosman di Ravelli, the South African pianist, Pachmann's only pupil, whom he brought up. His playing is magnificent and last night he carried us all into another world, making the worn old instrument ring like an orchestra. The Kaffirs had never heard anything like it, and collected in a group open mouthed, their heads all stuck in at the door.

"This has been agricultural show week at Ermelo, the capital of the High Veld, and a prize had been offered for the best spun merino. Various rugs and blankets have been exhibited, and I am told it is very good work. But the triumph appears to have been a suit of clothes made of our tweed and exhibited by our Pretoria tailor. All the men were talking about it.

"This reminds me that I never told you we are making cloth caps out of remnants. One girl, a poor white of the town, is devoted to that branch and makes now two a day, and we pay her 1/— each for the making.

"Since Christmas, the Pretoria school has advanced by big strides, and every nerve has been strained to keep up the work. We have 17 girls training for expert teachers, over 20 day workers receiving pay at piece rates, and 40 other girls all to be taught and in different stages of work. Katie Trichardt took the entire charge of the weaving during Mrs. Gaetzsche's illness, having only me to help her. We began school at 6 a. m., for recollect the shade temperature was 95 to 97 degrees.

MARCH 3.

"Today I have inspected Ermelo school. It is an old shop, able to accommodate 5 looms and 10 spinners. On the table lay a pile of woven goods for me to see. The quality and quantity were both marvelous, seeing the weaving only began six months ago. But Ermelo has advantages, being the center of a very good wool district.

"Just now, I have great hope of beginning a flax industry. The government has sown some for me both at Skinner's Court and at Potchefstroom. Last month Mr. Burtt (botanist) asked me to drive out with him and see about the setting of this crop. I went, taking with me samples of Swiss and Irish flax. It looked promising. Oddly enough, the very week this setting began, there arrived from Switzerland 12 brakes for breaking flax and a photograph of a woman in the act of using this appliance. Mr. Burtt helped me to put these together (in torrid heat—never forget that) and with the help of these I hope we shall be able to prepare the fiber sufficiently well to spin and weave some sheets for Cape Town exhibition in April. I feel excited and interested about it.

"The other interest is silk. The fact that a Swiss friend has sent me a silk loom and silk winders seems prophetic. Mr. Howard (entomologist) brought me worms, cocoons and mulberry cuttings.

"Did I tell the committee that I had more interviews with the ministers at Bloemfontein (Orange River Colony)? They are quite prepared to take over the industries, but, except a sum of £400, they are willing to divide amongst existing schools just to be an encouragement, they can do nothing until Parliament meets in May or June. They, the ministry, are working out for me the *best* method of placing the £400 at Philippolis. I find President Steyn and Mr. Fischer (premier) take wholly opposite views."

So the good work grows in scope and interest! M. E. H.

The Village Oracle

Old Dan'l Hanks, he sez this town
Is just the best on earth—
He sez there ain't one up nor down
Has got one-half its worth.
He sez there ain't no other state
That's good as ourn, nor near,
And all the folks that's good or great
Is settled right round here.

Sez I, "D'jer ever travel, Dan?"
"You bet I hain't," sez he;
"I tell you what, the place I've got
Is good enough for me."

He sez the other party's fools
'Cause they don't vote his way—
He sez the feeble-minded schools
Is where they'd ought to stay.
If he was law their mouths he'd shut
Or blow 'em all to smash.
He sez their platform's nothin' but
A great big mess of trash.

Sez I, "D'jer ever read it, Dan?"
"You bet I haint," sez he.
'An when I do—well—I tell you
I'll let you know, by gee."

He sez that all religion's wrong
'Cept just what he believes.
He sez them ministers belong
In jail—the same as thieves—
He sez they take the blessed Word
And tear it all to shreds;
He sez their preachin's just absurd—
They're simply leather-heads.

Sez I, "D'jer ever hear 'em, Dan?"
"You bet I haint," sez he.
"I wouldn't go to hear 'em—no!—
They make me sick to see."

Some fellers reckon, more or less,
Before they speak their mind,
And sometimes calkerlate or guess—
But them ain't Dan'l's kind—
The Lord knows all things, great or small,
With doubt he's never vexed.
He in his wisdom knows it all,
And Dan'l Hanks comes next.

Sez I, "How do you know you're right?"
"How do I know?" sez he—
"Well now I vum; I know by gum—
I'm right, because I BE!"

—*Anonymous.*

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The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1908

Anticipating the questions of those who are looking for a suitable place to spend vacation months, the following statement is prepared with the approval of and after consultation with cottage owners, the resident settlers on the Hill, in whose hands the management virtually rests.

The Plant: By virtue of certain real estate transfers made last year, the Tower Hill Pleasure Company now owns, without debt, with the exception of an unpaid bill for the re-roofing of the company houses last summer, a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, supplies the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company are sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains sixteen (16) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impedimenta; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this School from the beginning has been:

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of their studies into Sunday School and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the fifth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

CLASS IN RELIGION—FIFTH YEAR.

The New Testament.

Introductory.
John, Jesus, Paul (the boys).
Paul's Letter to the Galatians.
First Thessalonians.
Second Thessalonians.
First Corinthians.
Second Corinthians.
Romans.
Philemon.
Colossians and Ephesians.
Philippians.
Mark (4 lessons).
Matthew.
Luke.
John.
Genealogy and Birth Stories.
The Beatitudes.
Sermon on the Mount.
Parables (2 lessons).
The Women of the Gospel.
The Resurrection.
The Jerusalem Beginning of the New Movement (2 lessons).
The Pastoral Epistles—I. and II. Timothy and Titus.
Epistle to the Hebrews.
The Catholic Letters I. and II. Peter, James and Jude.
I., II. and III. John.
The Book of Revelation.
The Apocryphal New Testament.
Review and farewell for the season.

The following minimum list of reference books is recommended:

Bacon's "Introduction to the New Testament," "Twentieth Century New Testament," "A Wicket Gate to the Bible," with charts by W. C. Gannett; "Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived," by Carpenter; "A History of New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews; "The Gospel and Its Earlier Interpretations," Cone; "Introduction to the New Testament," Julicher; "Jesus," Boussett; "The History of Early Christian Literature," Von Soden; "The First Three Gospels," Carpenter; "The Prophet of Nazareth," Schmidt; "The Synoptic Gospels," Cary; "Thessalonians, Corinthians, Galatians, Romans and Philippians," Drummond; "Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, James, Peter and Jude," Cone; "The Johanine Literature Acts," Forbes. The first four very cheap books will make an adequate, abundant equipment.

Daily Program: 8:30 to 9:30, Nature studies; 11:15 to 12:30, Bible work; 7:30 to 8:30, three times a week, poetry work, special lectures; 8 p. m. No study work on Saturday. Sundays on Tower Hill not given to public meetings are days of quiet, with abstinence from boisterous games or activities that call for extra work for men or horses.

Dates and Prices

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1-September 16; Tower Hill Summer School, July 19-August 23; Women's Congress, August 21, 22, 23.

Board at the dining room is furnished at four dollars and a half ($4.50) a week; room in Long Houses, with double bed, $3 per week. For the season there are always some cottages that can be rented, but applications should be made early. So far as the capacity of the laundry permits washing will be done at usual schedule rates. Transportation between Spring Green and the Hill, a distance of three (3) miles, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises and similar packages, 15 cents. Round trip from the Hill to Spring Green and return, when seats can be spared in the buckboard, 25 cents. Teams for special trips and rides, carrying six (6) passengers, can be ordered at any time from Spring Green livery at the rate of a dollar an hour. Registration fee, five dollars ($5), including all classes and evening lectures. Family tickets, seven dollars ($7); single admission, 25 cents.

General Information

Spring Green is the railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train, though a livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice. For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Studies in Religion—Seven Years' Course

These studies were inaugurated at Tower Hill and have been continued throughout its twenty years' work. First year, "Beginnings, or the Cradle Life of the Soul"; second year, "Religions of the Elder World"; third year, "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion"; fourth year, "The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World"; fifth year, "The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion"; sixth year, "The Growth of Christianity"; seventh year, "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Tower Hill Cottages, Etc.

Name.	*When Built.*	*Present Owner.*
Westhope	1891	Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Exforth	1892	Mrs. Edith Lackersteen
Fernwood	1892	Miss Wynne Lackersteen
Maxwelton	1892	Mrs. A. L. Kelly
Leafring	1892	Miss Cordelia Kirkland
————	1894	Rett E. Olmstead
Lanier	1896	Miss R. A. Hatherell
Wahzedah	1901	Miss E. H. Walker
Welawiben	1903	Miss Bertha Howe
Blaencathal	1901	T. R. Lloyd Jones
Pine Lodge	1905	Harry Hyman
Brantwood	1905	Mrs. Mallory
Cedarknowe	1905	Granville R. Pike
Waldesruh	1905	Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels
Hotel Extreme	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Unity Club Long House	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Woman's Resolve Long House	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
Old Helena (Outside grounds)		Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Hermitage (Outside grounds)		Jenkin Lloyd Jones

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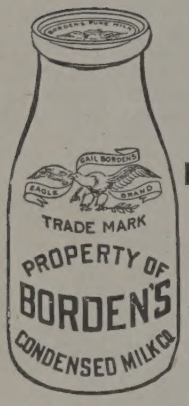

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